

BAREFOOT BABIES.
I know a spot, a sunny nook,
Where barefoot babies come to play,
Where nature's best unfolded book
Reveals its teaching all the day.
There where the tiny feet
Lie lightly on the grassy sod,
Of sky blue heaven's snowy drifts
Come musing of worldly care no gloom.
There, close beside a rippling stream
The barefoot babies laugh and dance
And toss their yellow locks that gleam
Like tassels on a breezy dance.
Dear barefoot babies, reap the sweet
Of youth and life and dance your best,
Till some dreamlike from years' rest
In rest to full you free.
—H. S. Keller in Detroit Free Press.

SUPERSTITIOUS LO.
CURIOUS LEGENDS OF THE FAR
NORTHWESTERN TRIBES.

Several traditions which refer to the
Sun, the Moon, the Mink and the Sal-
mon in Legends of British Columbian
Tribes of Aborigines.

Among the northern coast tribes of
British Columbia the raven plays an
important part. He is the benefactor of
man and by some tribes is considered
the deity himself. One of the legends
concerning him is told by the Kwaki-
wilt tribe of British Columbia. In
this story you will notice the remark-
able resemblance to the Greek Phæton.
Once upon a time the mink played grace
hoops with the ducks, and the mink
won. Then they shot arrows at a stick,
and the mink proved the best mark-
smen. Then all the ducks abused him
and maltreated him and finally broke
his bow and said: "We do not care to
play any longer with you. You do not
even know where your father is. Stung
by this insult, the mink went to his
father. Sun told him his father was in
the sky. It was he who carried the sun
every day. Mink determined to visit
him, and with his new bow shot an ar-
row into the sky. The arrow stuck in
the sky, a second arrow hit the notch of
the first, and finally a chain was formed
reaching from the sky to the earth. Up
this ladder mink climbed and arrived at
his father's abode. His father was glad
to see him and permitted him to carry
the sun in his stead for one day. He
must ascend slowly behind the moun-
tains and not go fast lest the earth
should burn. Equipping himself with
his father's blanket and nose ornament,
mink set out.

All went well till just before noon.
Mink became impatient at his slow
progress, began to run, and to kick aside
the clouds which obstructed his path.
He set fire to earth, and men, in order
to escape the fearful flames, jumped into
the ocean. Part of them were trans-
formed into animals, part into real men
(mink before). Poor mink was thrown
from heaven into the sea below, and
was rescued and carried home.

The legend of the visit to heaven oc-
curs in many of the tribes, but with
other animals than the mink. Many
stories told of the raven are also told
of mink. He, too, obtained fire from
his father, obtaining it from the ghosts who
had it in their possession. Mink stole
the infant child of the chief of the
ghosts and would not give it up till the
firebrand was given him.

Further south, along the coast, the
sun becomes a more important mytho-
logical figure. It is said the Salish of
the interior burn food, blankets and
other property as an offering to the sun.
Some of the important legends refer to
the murder of the sun, and to the origin
of the new sun and moon. From the
language and from the legends it ap-
pears that many of the coast tribes con-
sidered the moon and sun as the same
person, or at least as two brothers. One
story runs: "A long time ago, a great
man named Munkianah, who was
blind. As he was unable to endure the
heat of the sun, he went fishing during
the night. When the day began to
dawn, his wife went down to the
beach and call him home before the sun
rose. One day, however, his wife slept
too long, and it was already daylight
when she awoke. She called to her hus-
band to return as quickly as possible,
but before he reached the shore he
was slain by the sun. Munkianah de-
termined to avenge his father's death. They made
a chain of arrows and climbed up. They
killed the sun with their arrows, and
then thought, 'What shall we do next?'
The older one said, 'Let us be the sun,'
and he asked the brother whether he
wanted to go. The latter answered, 'I
will go to the night; you go to the day.'
And so they did. The younger brother
became the moon, the elder the sun."

As the salmon is the great staple of
subsistence from the Sacramento river
downward, so with some connected the
greatest number of superstitions. Messrs.
Lewis and Clark, mentioning the cap-
ture of the first salmon at the Dalles in
1807, an occasion of great rejoicing,
state that in order to hasten their arri-
val the Indians, according to custom,
dressed the fish and cut it into small
pieces, one of which was given to each
child in the village. At the mouth of
the Columbia the first salmon was trans-
ferred to the fish by medicine men. The
taking of the first fish of the season was
everywhere the occasion of a feast. The
salmon dance was performed, and the
anticipations of plenty lightened every
heart. The earlier fish could not be ob-
tained at any price by a white man un-
less it were first cooked, lest he should
open it with a knife instead of a stone
or cut it crosswise. The heart was al-
ways roasted and eaten lest a dog should
eat it and no more salmon would be
taken. On the opening of the salmon
berry these rules are altered, the coming
of the schools by that time being re-
ndered certain. These superstitions have
in most of the tribes nearly died away,
the feasts have been discontinued and
the salmon dance neglected.—Portland
Oregonian.

The Southern Aurora.
On Feb. 1, in latitude 36 degrees,
longitude 117 degrees 31 minutes, we
ran into open water again, having this
time spent only six days in the ice pack.
On the 17th the aurora appeared, strong-
er than I ever saw it in the north. It
rose from the southwest, stretching in
a broad stream up toward the zenith
and down again toward the eastern hori-
zon. The phenomenon this time had
quite a different appearance from what
we saw on Oct. 23. It consisted of long
shining lines rising and falling in
wonderful shapes and shades, some-
times seemingly close down to our mast-
heads. It evidently exerted considerable
influence upon the magnetic needle of
our compass.—C. E. Borchgrevink in
Century.

HE LOVES THE BIRDS.
FRANCOIS COPPEE AND HIS FRIENDS
IN THE JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG.

It is a touching sight to watch the poet
Feed His Pets in a Public Garden—A
Man Who is Loved by All and is "Dear
Master" to the Students.

Francois Coppee, the author of "For
the King," has a great many friends in
Paris, but none of them is more devoted
than the little birds that live in the Jar-
din du Luxembourg. They know him as
soon as they see him, come in at one of
the wide gates, his shoulders drooping,
his head hanging forward, his face pale
from ill health. They know in just
which one of his pockets he carries the
big piece of bread which he is going to
divide into crumbs for their benefit, and
they probably say in their own special
language:

"Ah, here is Friend Coppee, bless
him!"
They are not the only ones that know
what Coppee has in his pocket. All the
Latin quarter people who come and go
through that corner of the Luxembourg
garden which faces the Odéon know that
the gentle author rarely misses a day in
his devotion to the birds. And when he
appears with a peculiar swollen appear-
ance about one of his pockets they draw
quietly off to a respectful distance to
watch.

As soon as the circle of spectators—
women in blue closets, students in
corduroy and slouch hats, nursemaids
with bareheaded children—as soon as
these elements, which might possibly
be disturbing, have taken themselves far
enough out of the way, the birds close
in around the poet until sometimes a
hundred of them will be fluttering about
his head or hopping about his feet.
Then he takes out his piece of bread,
time climbing a sapling. When I got
well braced up among the limbs, I sat
and purred lead into that pile of bread.
Every time one kicked I gave him a
bullet, till they all stopped kicking. I
had five birds in one pile, and I think
they must have weighed over a ton all
together."—San Francisco Post.

One crumb after another is thrown
out in this direction and that, and oc-
casionally a few are scattered on the
ground, so that the less adventurous and
weaker spirits may have their share.
Finally a good fat crumb is pinched off,
but not thrown. It is held invitingly
between the thumb and finger, while
the poet looks at his birds as much as to
say:

"Come, come, you know your friend
Coppee. Give me a proof of your affec-
tion, as I am giving you a proof of
mine."
There is a great flutter then among
the birds, a great cocking of pretty
heads, much sharp glancing of bright
eyes. Finally one particularly brave
little creature makes a wide curve to-
ward the imprisoned crumb, but his
courage deserts him on the way, and he
closes back to his place without the
prize. Coppee rubs the crumb a little,
so that a tiny morsel of it falls to the
ground, where it is quickly picked up.
It is as if he said to his small flock:

"See, my little friends, it is a good
crumb. Where is your confidence? Have
I ever betrayed you?"
As if ashamed of having hesitated so
long, a bird makes a dart toward the
outstretched hand, pecks with flutter-
ing wings above it, picks daintily at the
crumb and then turns away triumph-
antly in its bill. After that it all goes
merrily as a marriage ball. Two or three
birds will be eating from his hand at
the same time. They light on his shoul-
der, on his arm, on his hat.

The spectators meanwhile are full of
breathless interest. A child whose land-
ary of delight startled the birds into
sudden flight is unconsciously jerked
back by his nurse with an emphatic
"Tais-toi." The students talk in un-
derbreath about the dear master, as they
call Coppee.

Last winter, when there was an un-
usual amount of snow in Paris, Coppee
was particularly attentive to the wants
of his birds, which in their turn were
more than ever appreciative of his good
offices, for the snow made pretty pick-
ing for them. And on cold days it was
no uncommon sight to see the students
rush up to the poet after he had
finished his dole and turn up his coat
collar or tighten his muffler or button
his overcoat.

"Dear master," they would say affec-
tionately, "you must be more careful of
yourself. You know you are not strong,
and it is cold, and we need you as much
as the birds do."

To the birds and the students he is al-
ways "the dear master." It was Coppee
who wrote and read the poem for the
unveiling of the bust of Henri Mürger
in that same Jardin du Luxembourg.
Mürger's name is idolized by the whole
Latin quarter, and it is doubtful if the
students would have permitted any one
of whom they did not approve to take
part in the ceremonies at the unveiling
of his monument.

Coppee is not married, although, in
French fashion, he has a friend to whom
he makes mysterious references in his
writings as one who is dear to him and
in whose heart he knows he will leave
incomparable regret when he dies. How-
ever, he is not married, and he is not
ever that much, he will be sure of
plenty of sincere admirers—the students
of the Latin quarter and the birds of the
Jardin du Luxembourg.

Moving in the Bowery.
There was a moving in the Bowery a
few days ago, and it was watched with
interest by a score or so of passersby.
A stout Italian bootblack was transfer-
ring his stand to some other part of the
bowery. Just before the moving began the
proprietor and his weakened little wife
stood beside the stand. The little wife
then put a dirty little pillow on her
head and stooped a trifle. The husband
thereupon picked up the stand with diffi-
culty and balanced it on the little wom-
an's head. Then he took the two chairs
and placed them on the stand in such
fashion as to secure them from falling.
The little wife, having seen the stand
under her burden—made sure of its
equilibrium, started down the Bow-
ery, and the stout husband followed at
ease, puffing a cigarette, while the spec-
tators looked on amazed to discover the
usefulness of a wife as a beast of bur-
den.—New York Sun.

Great Wear of Railroad Iron.
Taking the total length of the rail-
ways of the world at over 60,000 miles
and allowing a daily average of 10 trains
over each road, it is estimated that the
total loss of iron by wear and tear each
day of the year is not less than 600 tons.
The iron thus lost goes back to the earth
in the shape of fine powder, which is
finally transformed into soluble iron
salts.—St. Louis Republic.

George Eliot's portrait representing her
as having a remarkably unrepresenting
face, with the heavy nose and chin and
thick, badly shaped lips. She would be
pronounced positively ugly.
In 1880 the amount of capital invest-
ed in cotton factories was \$208,000,000;
ten years later it had risen to \$354,000,000.
—C. E. Borchgrevink in Century.

THEY WERE BEARS.
How a Hunter Bagged a Ton of Them in
Thirty Seconds.

"I believe I got a big bag of bears
in as short a time as any man ever did,"
said Doc Studley, the ex-sheriff and bear
hunter of Mendocino.
"A bag of bears?" exclaimed the
young man who had just been telling
about a bag of snipe he had once killed.
"What were they—little fellows? What
is it you call them—kittens? No, cubs;
that's it."

"No, sir. They were not kittens or
cubs. They were bears," declared Doc.
"I think I piled up about a ton of bear
meat in about 30 seconds. I was out
hunting in the southern part of Trinity
county about 17 or 18 years ago. We
had killed about 40 deer and 8 panthers,
and a bear or two in a couple of weeks,
and were pretty near ready to break
camp when I thought I would go out
and kill another deer to take home
fresh. It was late in the afternoon, and
I was creeping along in the brush when
suddenly I came into a little opening.
I stopped to see if there was any sign
of deer, and while I stood looking
about a big black bear climbed up on
the trunk of a big fir tree that had been
uprooted. He wasn't 30 yards away,
and I plugged him in the ear. He rolled
off the log and down the hill toward me,
but before I had time to see if he was
dead another bear climbed up on that
same log to see what the row was about.
I shot him in the head, and it rolled
down the same way the other had gone.
Up climbed a big 2-year-old to take its
place, and after I had shot it two big
yearlings, one after the other, climbed
up on the log to be shot.

"Every one rolled down the hill to-
ward me and was kicking and thrash-
ing around not ten steps away. By that
time I came to the conclusion that I was
in a bear country, and I didn't lose any
time climbing a sapling. When I got
well braced up among the limbs, I sat
and purred lead into that pile of bears.
Every time one kicked I gave him a
bullet, till they all stopped kicking. I
had five bears in one pile, and I think
they must have weighed over a ton all
together."—San Francisco Post.

MR. CARROLL'S GREAT IDEA.
It Puts a Man at His Best When He Is
Left to Himself.

Taylor Carroll is engaged in devising
a formidable system of defense for lone
pedestrians when they wander in dan-
gerous places where police protection is
ineffective and the risk of being "held
up" is ever present. His plan is to con-
vert the great human body into a mini-
ature revolving turret, armed at four
points and capable of dealing death in
front, rear or flank simultaneously or
in any direction.
Mr. Carroll's design is still in its rud-
imentary stage, with numerous minor
details to be elaborated, but his central
idea is well developed. He says he has
not yet prepared diagrams or experi-
mental apparatus, but has merely out-
lined it mentally.

"I would have a small storage bat-
tery worn in a belt," he said, "with
small copper wires running from it up
through the sleeves and connected with
each hand on the great or middle finger
with a copper wire the thumb can reach
in the palm of the hand. When the
thumb touched the ring, an electrical
current would discharge four batteries
loaded with ball behind and in front.
This discharge could take place when
the hands were being held under the
threat of an armed robber.

"The ring should be placed beyond
the reach of the thumb except in cases
of emergency, so the thumb will never
discharge the battery accidentally."
Mr. Carroll is not a practical electri-
cian or mechanic, being an actor by
profession. He has not figured up the
weight of the storage battery to be car-
ried on the belt, nor is he adverse to
considering the advisability of substi-
tuting a dry primary cell.

In his zeal for the application of sci-
entific methods to the protection of the
citizen the inventor has apparently left
out of sight everything but the tactical
advantage of the lonely pedestrian at-
tacked in front by the bold marauder or
thief. Thus he has not yet figured out
how a slim young man is to avoid as-
suming Galathea dimensions when he
braces storage batteries and arsenals
around his waist.

Nor does he forecast the possibly trag-
ical consequences that might some day
result from the clasp of a loving hand
upon the thumb and palm that carried
the potential copper apparatus he de-
scribes, making it inevitable electrical
contact and producing a catastrophe
when only endearment was intended.—
Chicago Tribune.

GENERAL GRANT'S FUNERAL.
The Procession in New York Was Eight
Miles in Length.

The procession, eight miles long,
wended up Broadway between lines of
old soldiers—flags veiled, drums muffled
and arms reversed. The Grant family,
except Mrs. Grant, who was unable to
be present, followed in four carriages,
succeeded by the general's old staff, his
cabinet officers and detachments from
Grand Army posts. Members of the
Aztec club, survivors of the Mexican
war, formed a group. President Cleve-
land rode with Secretary Bayard, and
they were followed by the vice presi-
dent and the cabinet, the supreme court
justices, United States senators and a com-
mittee of the house. Governor Hill and
his suit and a committee of the state
legislature were of the cortege; also gen-
tlemen who had occupied diplomatic and
consular offices under Grant while pres-
ident. Besides all these were official
guests filling 150 carriages.

Over the ashes of the man who had
said "Let us have peace" all bitter
memories were forgotten. Speaker Car-
lisle and ex-Speaker Randall rode with
Congressmen Eisscock and Reed, Senator
Morrill with Senator Cockrell, Sherman
with Ransom, Ingalls with Harris.
Famous Confederates, distinguishable
by their gray silk sashes, fraternized
with Federal chieftains. Generals Joe
Johnston and Buckner officiated with
Sherman, Sheridan and Logan among
the pallbearers. Three other gallant
confederates, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh
Lee and Gordon, were also present at
the funeral.—President E. Benjamin
Andrews in Scribner's.

The Way to Eat Candy.
I think much of the outcry against
candy is the result of wrong methods of
use. It can often be safely taken at meal
time with good results. Scientists say
that the food value of sugar is very
great. A pound of sugar contains much
more energy and power to support ani-
mal life than a pound of meat. If candy
is taken under such conditions that it
will not derange the digestive apparatus,
it is perfectly wise and rational to be
a candy eater.—Annals of Hygiene.

Sold.
"Is D'Anber a good painter?"
"Yes; good as gold."
"Do his paintings sell?"
"Yes—those who buy them."

Bernard Reilly,
Proprietor.

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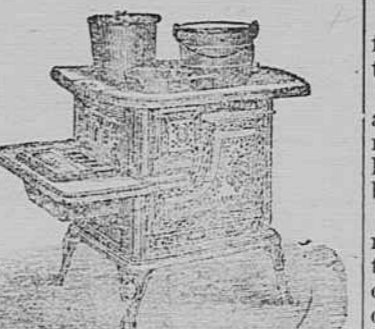
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Country Produce
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—Baltimore—
Shipping Letter, "D."

VIRGINIA.—At a court held
for the county of Accomack, on
the 10th day of January, 1896.

In the matter of the payment
and delivery of the estate of An-
nie M. Smith, deceased, to her
legatees without a refunding
bond being given.

On the motion of Sally T. Ten-
nent and Sue M. Caldwell, lega-
tees, by Blackstone & Bun-
dick, their attorneys, it appear-
ing to the court that the third
report of the accounts of the
transactions of J. W. G. Black-
stone, administrator, c. t. a. of
the estate of said decedent has
been filed in the office of this
court and it further appearing
from said report that the com-
missioner of accounts of this
court duly advertised for re-
ceiving proof of all debts and
demands against the said deced-
ent or her estate as the law re-
quires and that no debts or de-
mands were proven: And it fur-
ther appearing to the court that
more than one year has elapsed
since the qualification of said
administrator, it is ordered that
the said cause if any they shall
show cause if any they shall
do the 3d day of the next Febru-
ary term of this court, against
the payment and delivery of the
estate of the said decedent to her
said legatees, without refunding
bond being given by said lega-
tees; and that a copy of this
order shall be published once a
week for four successive weeks
in the Peninsula Enterprise, a
newspaper at the Court House
of this county, and also posted
at the front door of the court
house of this county on the first
day of two successive terms of
this court.

A Copy.
Test: M. Oldham, Jr., c. a. c.

1896 **THE SUN.** 1896
BALTIMORE, MD.

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For the People and with the People.

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Fearless in Expression.
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